

# East Saginaw Courier.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

GEO. F. LEWIS, PUBLISHER.

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NUMBER 32.

## Business Directory.

### East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

Published every Thursday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigan.

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#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (10 lines or less) 1 week, \$1.00  
each succeeding week, .25  
One fourth Column, 1 Year, \$20.00  
Half do, 1 Year, 30.00  
Full do, 1 Year, 50.00  
Business Cards, 5 lines or less, 3.00  
Other terms and known on application at the office.

Yearly advertisers will be entitled to a card in the Business Directory gratis.

#### JOB PRINTING.

Connected with the Courier office is a New and Extensive JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, wherein Plain and Ornamental Printing of every description will be done in the latest and most fashionable style. Patronage is solicited. GEO. F. LEWIS.

#### Post Office Notice.

##### MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern Mails daily at 12 M. and 7 P. M.  
Portsmouth & Bay City daily at 6 P. M.  
Vassar & Tawas, mail semi-weekly on Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Saginaw City mail daily at 2 P. M.

##### MAILS CLOSE.

Eastern mails daily at 8 P. M.  
Portsmouth & Bay City daily at 7 A. M.  
Way mail to Flint daily at 1 P. M.  
Vassar & Tawas, Semi-weekly mail Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M.  
Saginaw City Mail daily at 12 M.  
Office hours from 7 A. M. to 12 P. M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.  
G. O. MILES, P. M.  
East Saginaw, August 4, 1860.

#### Travelers Directory.

##### GOING EAST.

Wes & Burdell's Stage leaves daily for Flint and Holly, at 5 A. M. and 2 P. M., connecting with D. & M. R. V. to Detroit.

Boomer's Stage leaves for Custer, Hills & Co's dock Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock P. M., for Detroit and intermediate ports.

##### RETURN ROUTES.

Boomer's Stage leaves Hills & Co's dock daily at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M., for Bay City.

Boomer's Stage leaves Hills & Co's dock Thursdays and Saturdays, at 9 o'clock A. M., for Michigan City.

Boomer's Stage leaves Hills & Co's dock daily at 10 A. M. and 6 P. M., for Bay City.

Boomer's Stage leaves Hills & Co's dock Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 A. M. and 10 P. M., for Saginaw City and intermediate ports.

##### W. L. P. LITTLE & CO.

Bankers and Exchange Brokers, buy and sell Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, &c. Will give prompt attention to Collections, and remit drafts on all parts of the world. Trade paid for promptly, and all business conducted with strict integrity. East Saginaw.

##### WILLIAM L. WEBBER.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office, corner of Water and Commerce streets. EAST SAGINAW.

##### ROBINSON & THOMPSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Will give prompt attention to Collections, and remit drafts on all parts of the world. Trade paid for promptly, and all business conducted with strict integrity. East Saginaw.

##### LOVELAND & WALDRON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Office, corner of Water and Commerce streets. EAST SAGINAW.

##### DILLINGHAM & GLYNN.

Attorneys & Counselors. EAST SAGINAW.

##### JABEZ C. SUTHERLAND.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Practice in Admiralty. SAGINAW CITY.

##### MOORE & GAYLORD.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. SAGINAW CITY.

##### CURTIS, BLISS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Clothing, Hats, Caps, &c. EAST SAGINAW.

##### BYRON B. BUCKHOUT.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in English and American Hardware, Cutlery, Iron, Agricultural Implements, Stoves, Copper, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, &c. Brick Block. EAST SAGINAW.

##### HESS BRO. & CO.

Dealers in Drugs and Medicines. Patent Medicines, &c. &c. Opposite Brick Hotel. EAST SAGINAW.

##### H. MARKS.

Dealer in Hats, Caps, Fur and Skins, Ready Made Clothing, Gloves, &c. Opposite Brick Hotel. EAST SAGINAW.

##### MERSON & BROS.

Will attend to the Purchase, Shipment and Inspection of Lumber on Saginaw River. Post Office Address. EAST SAGINAW.

##### RICHARDSON & FARRAND.

Physician and Operative Surgeon. Office in Hovey's building, over Clear Store. Residences at Goodrich's and Pines. EAST SAGINAW.

##### DR. W. H. BUTLER.

Physician & Surgeon.

Late Assistant Physician, Charity Hospital, Buffalo Office on Genesee street, 34 East side of Post Office, up stairs. EAST SAGINAW.

##### BUSINESS CARD.

People's Bakery, Corner of Washington and German Streets, South of the Railroad House. James H. Henderson, Proprietor. See advertisement in this paper.

##### STAVE MACHINES!

CAPABLE of planing all kinds of Staves outside and inside, and doing the work in the very best manner and at the rate of five thousand daily. For sale by Hess & Bro. East Saginaw, February 5, 1861.

##### B. F. CHESSBRO.

Will give instruction on the

##### Organ Piano & Melodion.

And will also attend to Tuning the above instruments. Terms for lessons, \$12 per quarter, of 25 lessons—half in advance, balance at close of lessons. Orders left at Dougherty's Book Store, East Saginaw.

##### MUSIC.

ARRANGED for String and Brass Bands and Solo Chorus. Leave orders at Evening Saloon, corner House, East Saginaw.

##### G. D. W. GIBSON & SONS.

Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Raisins, Prunes, Grapes, &c. Young's Block, Genesee street, EAST SAGINAW.

## THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

"You are a brave young man, or a very foolish one."  
"Why do you say that?"  
"To think of marriage."  
"What has bravery or folly to do in the case?"  
"The young lady is poor."  
"I do not wed her for money."  
"There would be some hope for you if she were the possessor of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. But being as poor as yourself, the folly of this purpose stands out in bold relief. Look before you leap, my friend; there's trouble for you on the other side."  
"I am not sordid, Mr. Blair."  
The young man's fine face glowed, and his eyes flashed with a repressed indignation.

"Not sordid enough, Adrian, for marriage, as society is now constituted.—There are two sides to the question of marriage: the sentimental side, and the matter of fact side. Now, you have looked only at the sentimental side. Suppose we consider the matter of fact aspects. You are a clerk receiving a salary of one thousand dollars. How much have you saved?"  
"Nothing to speak of."  
"Nothing! So much the worse. If it costs you a thousand dollars a year to live, from whence is to come the means of supporting a wife and family?"  
"Oh! I've been careless and wasteful in expenditure as most young men are. I had only myself to provide for, and was self-indulgent. But that will cease, of course."

"Granted, for argument sake. The young lady you propose to marry is named Rosa Newell."  
"Yes."  
"A charming young girl; well educated; finely accomplished; used to good society, as we say; and just suited for my friend Adrian, if she had money, or he an income of three or four thousand a year. But the idea of making her a happy wife, in the city of New York, on a thousand dollars, is simply preposterous. It can't be done, sir; and the attempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of both parties to so foolish an arrangement. It is a matter of the easiest demonstration, Adrian; and I wonder so good an accountant as you are, should not, ere this, have tried this question by mathematical rules. Let me do it for you."

"And first, we will look at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has a home with a Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart is a man who thinks a deal of appearances, and maintains a domestic establishment that costs not less than four thousand dollars a year. His house rent is equal to your whole salary. Now, in taking Rosa from this home, into what kind of a one can you place her?"

"A sober hue of thought came over the young man's face."  
"You cannot afford to rent a house at even one-half the cost of Mr. Hart's, even if you were able to buy furniture," continued Mr. Blair.  
"We will board, of course," said Adrian.  
"House-keeping is not to be thought of in the beginning."  
"If not in the beginning, how afterwards?"

"The young man looked a trifle bewildered, but did not answer."  
"What are you now paying for board?"  
"Five dollars a week."  
"You would require a parlor and bedroom, after marriage?"  
"Yes."

"At a cost of not less than fifteen dollars a week."  
Adrian sighed.  
"We could hardly afford the parlor."  
"Hardly," said his friend. "Well, we give up the parlor, and take a pleasant front chamber on the second floor, at twelve dollars a week. But the house is not first class, nor the location very desirable. These are not to be had in New York at twelve dollars a week. You cannot afford for Rosa the elegance of her present home. Three dollars more a week for washing and eatables, and your income is drawn upon at the rate of seven hundred and eighty dollars a year. Two hundred and twenty left for clothing and all other expenses! And so far it has taken nearly three times that sum to meet your own demands.—It has a bad look, Adrian."

"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," said the young man in a voice from which the confident tone had departed. "It will scarcely cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of what I expended."  
"Say one-half, and your income will not reach the demand. What was your tailor's bill last year?"  
"One hundred and sixty dollars."  
"Say two hundred including boots, hats, etcetera?"  
"Yes."

"You could hardly get this below a hundred and fifty."  
"Perhaps not."  
The young man's voice was growing husky.

"That will leave seventy dollars for your wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasures, recreations, little luxuries, or unanticipated but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so with you two in good health, what will be the condition of things in sickness and with children to support and educate. Adrian, my young friend, there is debt, embarrassment, disappointment, and a miserable life before you. Pause and retract your steps before it is too late. If you love Rosa, spare her from this impending fate—Leave her in her pleasant home, or to a grace that of a man better able than you are to provide her with the external

blessings of life. You cannot marry on a thousand dollars a year, and it is folly to think of it."  
"We could get board for ten dollars a week," said Adrian.  
"That would scarcely help the matter at all. At best, it would only make a difference in the amount of your indebtedness at the close of each year. It is folly to think of it my young friend.—You can't afford to marry."

"It has a dark look, but there is no hobnobbing now," replied Adrian in a gloomy way. "We have mutually pledged each other, and the day of our marriage has been appointed."  
"I'm sorry for you," said the friend, a bachelor of forty, who, on an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, could see no possible chance for a happy marriage in the city of New York, and preferred celibacy to the embarrassments which he saw hundreds of his friends encounter in their attempts to live in a style out of all proportion to their resources. "I'm sorry for you," he repeated; "but if you will bend your neck to the yoke, you must not complain of the burden you will find yourself compelled to bear."

Strange as it may appear, the young clerk, Henry Adrian, had never before looked this matter of income, expenditure, and style of living, fairly in the front. The actual aspect of the case, when clearly seen, threw his mind into a state of troubled bewilderment. He went over and over again the calculation suggested by Mr. Blair; a book-keeper in the establishment where he was employed, cutting off a little from one proposed expenditure and another, but not being able to get the cost of living down to the range of his salary, except when the style was so far below that in which his wife must move, that he turned half sick from its contemplation. The more steadily he looked at the truth, the more heavily came the pressure of its stony weight upon his heart. To go forward was little less than madness, yet he could he look back now?

Rosa sat alone, reading, in one of her uncle's parlors, waiting for her lover. He was later than usual, so late that her book began to lose its interest, and at last lay closed on her lap, while a shade fell over her expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's countenance revealed the fact that she was a girl of some character. There was no soft, voluptuous languor about her, but an earnestness of position as she sat; and a firmness of tone in all her features, that indicated an active mind and self-reliance.

An hour later than usual, Adrian came. "Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa, as she took his hand, and fixed her eyes on his sober face.  
"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he replied without evasion.  
"Why are you troubled, Henry?" And Rosa drew an arm tenderly around her lover.

"Sit down, and I will tell you. The trouble concerns us both, Rosa."  
The young girl's face grew pale. They sat down close together, looking each at the other's hands. But in Adrian's countenance there was a resolute expression, such as we see in the countenance of a man who has settled a question of difficult solution.

"The day fixed for our marriage is only two months distant," he said. "The tone in which he spoke chilled the heart of Rosa. She did not answer, but kept her gaze on his face."  
"Rosa, we must reconsider this matter. We have acted without forethought."  
Her face became paler, her lips fell apart, her eyes had a frightened expression.

"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly.—My heart is not turning from you. I would hasten, rather than retard, the day of our marriage. But there are considerations beyond that day, which have presented themselves, and demand sober consideration. In a word, Rosa, I can not afford to marry. My income will not justify the step."  
"The frightened look went out of Rosa's eyes."  
"It was wrong in me ever to have sought your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she sank closer to his side.  
"I am a clerk, with only a thousand dollars of income, and I do not see much beyond to hope for. Rosa, the sum of these parlor cost twice the amount of my salary. The rent of the home in which you now live is equal to what I receive in a year. I cannot take you from all this elegance into a third-class boarding-house, the best means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind in me ever to have to have thought of so degrading the one I love!"

"The young man was strongly agitated. "And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"  
"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two alternatives that present themselves, and not grow heart-sick? If we marry, what is before me? Humiliation, deprivation, and all the ills that poverty brings for you, and debt, trouble, and a lifelong embarrassment for me. If we separate, what taking different ways in life,—oh, Rosa, I am not strong enough to choose that alternative!"

"And his form trembled under the pressure of excitement."  
"You love me, Henry?" The voice of Rosa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.  
"As my own life, darling. Have I not said so a hundred times?"  
"And even as my life do I love you, Henry."

"For several moments her face lay hidden in his bosom. Then lifting it, Rosa said:  
"I am glad you have spoken on this subject, Henry. I could not approach it, myself, but now that we have it before us, let it be well considered. Your income is one thousand dollars?"  
"Yes."

"A sum large enough to supply all the real wants of two persons who have independence enough not to be enslaved by a mere love of appearances."  
"Why, darling, it will require more than half of my salary to pay for respectable boarding."  
"Taking it for granted that, after our marriage, I am to sit down in a boarding-house, with hands folded, an idle dependent on your labor. But I shall not so construe my relation to my husband. I will be a help-meet for him. I will stand by his side, sharing life's burdens."

"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," returned Adrian. "But we are hedged round by social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it, or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you Rosa. It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more to me than a true, loving husband. Henry, the central point of social happiness is home; as the home is so will our lives be—rather let me say, as we are so will our homes be—centres of gloom or brightness. What others think of us is really of little account in making up the sum of our enjoyments as we pass through life; but what we are in ourselves is everything. We must be the centres of our own world of happiness, or our lives will be incomplete. Can a fine establishment like this, in which I live in weak dependence, fill the measure of my desires? Can it bring peace and contentment? No, no, Henry. The humblest apartments, shared with you, would be a palace to my soul instead. I am not speaking with the romantic enthusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly; truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not make our lives wretched by living apart, because we cannot make a fine appearance in other people's eyes. God has given us love for each other, and the means of happiness if we will use them. Let us take his good gifts in thankfulness.—You have an income of one thousand dollars. We must not expect to live as those who have two, or three, or four thousand dollars a year. Be that folly far from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial it will require, if the word 'self-denial' is to be used. Are not you also? Oh, Henry! there is any joy to be imagined beyond that which flows from the conjunction of two loving hearts? And shall pride and a weak spirit of social conformity come into rob us of our blessings?"

"The young man had come, sternly resolved to put off the day of marriage.—He parted from his betrothed that night, looking forward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival. They had talked over the future, practically and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which had looked to a fair social appearance for his young wife, gave place to a better view of things.—He saw that his love had fixed itself upon a true woman, and that in the humbler sphere in which their lot was cast all attainable happiness was in store for them, if they would but open their hearts in an orderly way to its reception. One thing said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk we repeat, for the sake of young wives, or maidens on the eve of marriage. "Be it mine," dear Henry," she said, "to manage our domestic affairs in conformity with your means. I will give all thought to that. Your income is fixed, and I shall know exactly the range of expenditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall never enter your home, while I stand sentinel at the door. If the husband gives his life to care and work, shall not the wife do the same?—If he provides to the best of his ability, shall not she dispense with waste and frugality his earnings? She that fails to do this, is not worthy of her position."

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"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," returned Adrian. "But we are hedged round by social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it, or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you Rosa. It is not right."

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"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," returned Adrian. "But we are hedged round by social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it, or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you Rosa. It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more to me than a true, loving husband. Henry, the central point of social happiness is home; as the home is so will our lives be—rather let me say, as we are so will our homes be—centres of gloom or brightness. What others think of us is really of little account in making up the sum of our enjoyments as we pass through life; but what we are in ourselves is everything. We must be the centres of our own world of happiness, or our lives will be incomplete. Can a fine establishment like this, in which I live in weak dependence, fill the measure of my desires? Can it bring peace and contentment? No, no, Henry. The humblest apartments, shared with you, would be a palace to my soul instead. I am not speaking with the romantic enthusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly; truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not make our lives wretched by living apart, because we cannot make a fine appearance in other people's eyes. God has given us love for each other, and the means of happiness if we will use them. Let us take his good gifts in thankfulness.—You have an income of one thousand dollars. We must not expect to live as those who have two, or three, or four thousand dollars a year. Be that folly far from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial it will require, if the word 'self-denial' is to be used. Are not you also? Oh, Henry! there is any joy to be imagined beyond that which flows from the conjunction of two loving hearts? And shall pride and a weak spirit of social conformity come into rob us of our blessings?"

"The young man had come, sternly resolved to put off the day of marriage.—He parted from his betrothed that night, looking forward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival. They had talked over the future, practically and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which had looked to a fair social appearance for his young wife, gave place to a better view of things.—He saw that his love had fixed itself upon a true woman, and that in the humbler sphere in which their lot was cast all attainable happiness was in store for them, if they would but open their hearts in an orderly way to its reception. One thing said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk we repeat, for the sake of young wives, or maidens on the eve of marriage. "Be it mine," dear Henry," she said, "to manage our domestic affairs in conformity with your means. I will give all thought to that. Your income is fixed, and I shall know exactly the range of expenditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall never enter your home, while I stand sentinel at the door. If the husband gives his life to care and work, shall not the wife do the same?—If he provides to the best of his ability, shall not she dispense with waste and frugality his earnings? She that fails to do this, is not worthy of her position."

"The frightened look went out of Rosa's eyes."  
"It was wrong in me ever to have sought your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she sank closer to his side.  
"I am a clerk, with only a thousand dollars of income, and I do not see much beyond to hope for. Rosa, the sum of these parlor cost twice the amount of my salary. The rent of the home in which you now live is equal to what I receive in a year. I cannot take you from all this elegance into a third-class boarding-house, the best means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind in me ever to have to have thought of so degrading the one I love!"

"The young man was strongly agitated. "And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"  
"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two alternatives that present themselves, and not grow heart-sick? If we marry, what is before me? Humiliation, deprivation, and all the ills that poverty brings for you, and debt, trouble, and a lifelong embarrassment for me. If we separate, what taking different ways in life,—oh, Rosa, I am not strong enough to choose that alternative!"

"And his form trembled under the pressure of excitement."  
"You love me, Henry?" The voice of Rosa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.  
"As my own life, darling. Have I not said so a hundred times?"  
"And even as my life do I love you, Henry."